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Office over Gait & Castle's. Orders
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MANUFACTURER OF
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the shortest notice. 48

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DENTIST.



Nitrous oxide or laughing gas, for ex-
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hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
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H. C. BEALS,



The place to get
YOUR PICTURE TAKEN,
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FRAMES FOR PICTURES, &c.,
All work warranted.

H. C. BEALS, Artist and agent for
Sewing Machines, and all kinds of
Machine needles, Oil Spooler-rubbers
and everything pertaining to sewing
Machines. 34-1y

Our stock of stationery is now
nearly complete, and our business
men will do well to call and examine
some of our Letter Heads, Note Heads,
Bill Head, Statements, and especially
our stock of Envelopes, which we will
furnish at the lowest possible rates.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
AL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature." CICERO.

VOLUME VI.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1877.

NUMBER 51.

POETRY.

THE DEAF IN VERSE.

We recall a few lines and verses of
poetry written about the deaf, and
think they may be interesting to some
of our readers. Had we the proper
references handy, we could fill several
columns.

To Annie

ONE VERSE.
Shut in from all the world's discordant noises,
She dwells in silence, feeling God more near;
And listens to the music of angelic voices,
His loving purpose in her life made clear.
—CECILIA DUNNIE.

From the Album of Mary Toles Peet.

TWO VERSES.
Where I dwell, those clamors mortal,
Anger, scorn, distraction, woe,
Through the crowd thronging the orator's hall,
Through in ceaseless overthrow.

The same angel guards that cover
From the world your injured sense,
Are God's harpers, and they hover
Waiting with your recompense.
—FRIZ HUBBARD.

From the Tale of a Trumpet.

She deaf as a post as I said before,
And deaf as twenty similes more.
—TOM HOOD.

From the "Mute's Reply."

In youth with friends to sweetest singers go,
But ne'er the sweet entrancing notes to know;
Join with the crowd thronging the orator's hall,
But not to hear the tones enchanting all.
In danger's hour, in fortune's strife,
Without a tongue to plead for life.
—KOURONET.

From "Lella."

Lella can no music hear—
Clashing sounds give her no fear.
Ever active, fond and bright,
Deaf, she hears you speak by sight.
—KOURONET.

A BROKEN IDOL.

You are wondering that my tears fall
O'er a bit of common clay,
As I put my broken idol
Out of my sight to-day;
But I weep not for the idol
As it is, but for my dream;
It is hard when things we treasure
Prove to be not what they seem.

If I put it sadly from me
"Tis not that I love it still,
But because of thoughts and memories
I cannot put by at all.

I must now look down to pity
What once looked up to love;
Ah, it makes us poor in spirit
When life's gems but pebbles prove.
But we learn our golden lessons
From life's trial and its dross,
And oft find our greatest gainings
What we thought our greatest loss.

So I, from this broken idol
Over which I wept to-day,
Learn the lesson it can teach me,
Earth-reared idols fall away.

One who taught in old Judea
Has long since the warning given;
If you would not lose your treasures
You must lay them up in heaven.
—MARY E. C. JOHNSON.

STORY TELLER.

MISS TOD, M. D.

OR A DISEASE OF THE HEART.

The days of my clerkship were ended;
my examination was over; I was
admitted; wrote myself "Nehemiah
Hubbs, Attorney;" put up my new,
bright little sign, and in my native
village began my professional career.
No, I didn't either; I am mistaken; I
intended to pursue the honorable prac-
tice of the noble profession to which
I had dedicated my talents and learn-
ing in the place of my birth, but never
was truer word penned than the time-
honored proverb, "A prophet hath no
honor in his own country." I believe
if I had remained in the village of
Green Briar till my head was white,
they would have thought of me as
nothing but a boy, and would have
feared to trust me. Even after my
sign was put up, nobody called me Mr.
Hubbs; I was still "Ne" with old and
young, and "Ne" I would have remain-
ed to this day, had I remained in Green
Briar.

Only one case claimed my attention
during the three months of my pa-
tient continuance in Green Briar, af-
ter being admitted to the bar, and
that was the case of an unjustly-im-
pounded pig; "feloniously abstracted,"
your honor from the small but secure
spot in which my client had trustingly
deposited him, and maliciously driven

to the public enclosure called a pound,
for the vile purpose, doubtless, of
compelling my client, in his poverty
and destitution, to pay the enormous
fee which has been demanded of him,
in order to extract the animal from his
position, and restore him to the
bosom of his family!"

By this I meant the client's family,
the pig having none of his own; it
was a figure of speech undoubtedly,
the family not inhabiting an Irish cab-
in; but still it rounded off the period,
and sounded well to me, as I repeated
over and over again my speech, pacing
up and down the floor of my little of-
fice. In this, my first case, I was suc-
cessful so far as to rescue the impound-
ed animal, and save my client from the
payment of an unjust demand; but it
brought no silver to my pocket, nei-
ther, to my surprise, did it seem to
bring honor to my name. The elo-
quence of my speech did not form the
theme, as I had fondly hoped it
would, of paragraphs in the village
paper, or of discussion at the corners
of the streets, neither did it bring to
my office the rush of clients for which
each day I vainly made ready. It was
plain that I should never rise to dis-
tinction in Green Briar, and so I came
to the sudden determination to re-
move from that pleasant spot and set-
tle in some great city, where nobody
knew or had ever heard of me; where,
above all, there was not a soul to call
me "Ne."

Here I was more successful, and
soon had the opportunity of forming a
very advantageous partnership; busi-
ness increased; money began to come
in slowly at first, but, after a time,
more plentifully, and all things seemed
prosperous in my outward circum-
stances. But, alas! as we are so often
told poetically, there is no sweet with-
out its bitter, no rose without its thorn;
and trouble came to me in the shape
of disease, insidious and slow in its
approaches at first, long feared and
suspected, but at length betraying
itself so plainly, that I could blind
myself no longer to the truth.

Yes! I was without doubt a victim
of disease of the heart; not metaphori-
cally, dear reader, for never had that
organ beat with a quicker pulsation at
the approach of mortal woman. So
far as the gentler sex was concerned I
was a perfect stoic; but that there was
organic disease about my heart I could
not doubt, and if ever the symptoms
disclosed themselves unmistakably,
they did so in my case. There was
fluttering, palpitation, irregular action,
and at length pain. I could not work;
life had lost its zest; the fear of sudden
death was over with me; I could en-
joy nothing. If I had had anything
to leave, or anybody to leave it to, I
should have made my will, for I was
quite sure now that I should either
drop some day lifeless in the street,
or that the morning would soon come
when the power to rise from my bed
would have left me.

Summoning the only male servant
belonging to the establishment, I told
him to step across the road and ask
Dr. Tod to come and see me as soon
as possible.
The boy grinned.
"What are you laughing at?" I asked,
"isn't Dr. Tod a good physician?"
"Oh yes, Sir," he answered. "I be-
lieve she is a very good physician,
but she hasn't never tended nobody
here."
"She!" said I to myself, "the boy
surely has Welsh blood in his veins,
they always she everything."
The boy soon returned, saying, "The
Dr. wasn't to home, but I left your
name on the slate."
In the course of the afternoon, as I
lay upon the sofa, with my hand
pressed upon my head to still its ir-
regular pulsations, there was a soft
tap at my door. "Come in," I called;
and to my surprise in came the neat-
est, brightest, most cheerful looking
little woman I had ever been my lot
to meet.

"You sent for me, I believe, Sir?"
she said, in a quick, brisk, pleasant way.
"I! no maid; you are laboring
under a mistake."
"Ah! I beg pardon," said the little
woman; "I found on my slate the
name of 'Mr. Hubbs, number fourteen,'
Mrs. Grey's boarding house, with a

request that I would call and see him."
"Your slate, madam?" I exclaimed,
my astonishment increasing every mo-
ment. "You surely are not a—"
"Physician! yes, Sir," she inter-
rupted, quickly, "I'm a physician; Dr.
Tod."

"Extraordinary!" was all I could
say; for though I had heard at a dis-
tance of the existence of such beings,
this was my first introduction to a fe-
male practitioner of the Esculapian art.
It was rather awkward, but since
she had come I determined to make
the best of it, and acquainted the lady-
doctor with my case.

She felt my pulse, asked numerous
questions as to my symptoms, and
then in her quick, bright way, exclaim-
ed:

"Nervous! nervous! that's all, de-
pend upon it! excuse me, Sir, but by
the air of your room I presume you
are much given to smoking."

I pleaded guilty.
"And how many cigars do you usu-
ally smoke in a day?"

"I could not tell; I never counted,
as soon as I throw away one I take
another usually."

"Hum! cigars in your mouth pretty
much all the time, eh! Chew too?"

Again a reluctant confession was
wrung from me.

"I presume you sit up late, smoking
all the time?"

"Yes, ma'am, smoking and reading."

"That's it; no disease of the heart at
all, Sir; nothing but tobacco; depend
upon it, nothing but tobacco; it'll make
you fancy anything; it'll drive you crazy
if you don't take care. Now will
you promise to follow my advice close-
ly, or not? If not, I will take my leave
immediately."

I promised, submissive as a lamb.
"In the first place, then, throw away
all your cigars and tobacco, and prom-
ise to keep away from it."

With a sigh given to my sole con-
solations, I said I would do as she di-
rected.
Many more directions she gave me,
as to diet, exercise, early hour, &c.;
perhaps she saw, too, that cheerful
companionship was one thing I need-
ed, and so she remained a while, talk-
ing with great glee and spirit about
matters and things in general; and
promising to call and see me the next
morning, she left.

I had not felt so well in a great while;
indeed I had not given my heart a
thought since the little woman entered
my room.

The next morning I found myself
watching impatiently for the arrival of
my little doctor. She came bright and
cheerful as the day before; what a per-
fect little sunbeam she was! I could
not help growing better under her care,
and the influence of her cheering pres-
ence, and yet I managed to contrive
some ache or pain every day, as an ex-
cuse for the continuance of her visits.

At length I found that my heart,
which had long been quiet and appar-
ently free from disease, began to flutter
and palpitate again; but I observ-
ed it was only when I heard the little
woman's tap at my door, or felt her
soft fingers on my wrist. In short,
as she had driven the disease out of
my heart, the little woman herself had
walked into it. I could no longer
blind myself to the fact; and when
she one day told me that I was off the
sick list, and out of her hands, I de-
termined that she should not so easily
get out of mine.

So I told her that as she had now
given case to my heart in the new
she must not leave me till she had
done so in another, or I should be
worse off than I was before. The lit-
tle woman looked perplexed.

Then I stated my case, and explain-
ed my symptoms a second time, show-
ing her the distressed state of my
heart, and that she alone could cure
it. The former disease she had re-
moved by occasional visits; the latter
could be cured by her promising to
come and take up her abode with me,
as resident physician. She under-
stood me now, and by the way she
pressed her hand on her own little
fluttering heart, one would have thought
the disease was contagious; and I
verily think it was. So now we de-
termined to cure each other, and next
week we are both to apply to a clergy-
man, who is to form between us a life-

partnership, as lawyer and physician.
But one thought troubles me, of
which I had not thought till now: that
it is necessary to have our card en-
graved. Married people are usually
"Mr. and Mrs. S. and S.," or "Mr.
Such-and-one and lady," but will any
one please to be so kind as to tell me,
how I and my little wife are to be de-
signated. Will it be "Mr. and Dr.
Hubbs," or "Mr. and Mrs. Hubbs, M.
D.," or, as the ladies are going ahead
so fast in these days of woman's rights,
will I sink into still lesser insignifi-
cance, and shall we be "Dr. Tod and
gentleman," or shall I drop the name
of Hubbs altogether, and become a
Tod too? Somebody, please tell me
how to have these cards engraved! It
is a point that ought to be settled.
The ladies are rushing to the pulpit,
and even to the bar, very many of
them are already in the medical pro-
fession, and till a man has made up
his mind what position he is to take
when he has a minister, or a lawyer,
or a doctor for his wife, let him guard
well his heart and above all, if that
organ or any other is diseased, let him
beware how he employs a lady for
his leech.

Dr. Gallaudet's Western Appointments.

Detroit, Michigan,	Jan. 15, 1878.
St. John's Church,	for 16, "
Ann Arbor, Michigan,	" 16, "
St. Andrew's Church,	" 16, "
Jackson, Michigan,	" 17, "
St. Paul's Church,	" 18, "
Niles, Michigan,	" 18, "
Trinity Church,	" 20, "
St. Louis, Missouri,	" 20, "
Christ Church,	" 20, "
Jacksonville, Ill.,	" 21, "
Trinity Church,	" 21, "
Joliet, Illinois,	" 22, "
Christ Church,	" 22, "
Chicago, Illinois,	" 23, "
St. James Church,	" 23, "
Cleveland, Ohio,	" 25, "
Grace Church,	" 25, "

The deaf-mute friends living at the
above named points can do a favor by
making the notices as much known as
possible, by correspondence and other-
wise. There may be many living at a
distance who would be pleased to at-
tend.

THE DEAF-MUTES' SOCIABLE.

The above entertainment, to be held
in Mayo Hall, in this village, will take
place Friday evening, January 11th,
1877. For sufficient good reasons it
has been postponed to the 11th, in-
stead of coming off on the 9th, as
announced last week. No other post-
ponement may be expected. Let all
remember the date.

A night of rare entertainment will
be afforded—a fine opportunity for
the reunion of friends and the forma-
tion of new acquaintances.

Our village is easy of access by
railroad from all directions.

The citizens of our place are well
known for their ability in getting up
good social and festive entertainments,
and extra efforts will be used to make
this equal to the best.

Refreshments will be provided, which
cannot fail to satisfy the demands of
the hungry and fully satisfy the deli-
cate palates of the most dainty, and
will be furnished at moderate rates.

There will be music of a rare order
to delight the ears of the hearing, and
dancing for both them and the deaf-
mutes, and there will be choice and
amusing plays and pastimes worthy
of high appreciation.

From week to week we shall give
more particulars, and will as soon as
possible publish a programme, as near
as may be, for the night's entertain-
ment.

A PAUPER'S TRUNKFUL OF JEWELS.

In looking over the rooms of Emma
Barnes, the deaf old woman who was
killed by the Atlantic avenue steam
motor last Monday night, the Brook-
lyn police found a trunk full of jewel-
ry and silverware that is estimated to
be worth over \$1,000. There were
spoons, butter-knives, sugar tongs,
forks and a nutmeg grater, all of sil-
ver; also earrings, brooches, neck-
laces, chains, lockets, rings, sleeve
buttons, studs, nearly all of gold, and
set with diamonds and other valuable
stones. Besides, there was \$875 in
money. It had been supposed that

she depended upon charity for her
subsistence, and several people were
in the habit of supplying her regularly
with the necessities of life. James
Donlan, the boy who was killed in the
attempt to drag the woman from the
track, was buried Thursday afternoon
in the Cemetery of the Holy Cross, at
Flatbush.—N. Y. World.

THE CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

Considerable fault having been found
by some because the Church is doing so
much towards ministering to the deaf-
mutes, the *Deaf-Mute Mirror*, pub-
lished at the Flint Institution, thus
speaks:

"Great opposition is springing up all
over the country to the Church Mission
to Deaf-mutes, laying all sorts of evil
at its doors. Much correspondence
has been published in the *Journal*, in-
cluding one or two very intelligent let-
ters from Chicago, giving reasons for
the opposition. 'Impartial' thinks that
all denominations should join together
and appoint a missionary conjointly, so
that no sectarian doctrines will be in-
culcated, and all would feel at liberty
to join whatever church they chose.
'Dixie,' another correspondent, doesn't
like the services of the Episcopal
Church, and claims that after the novel-
ty is worn off, it has no attractions
for the deaf; wants more preaching
and less service. Each doubtless feels
what he says, and strong argument can
be brought to bear on their side. We
are inclined to think that the deaf-
mutes are not justly appreciative of
what is being done for them. As a
class, deaf-mutes are shut off from the
regular Sunday services of hearing and
speaking people, so that after they
leave the institutions they are apt
to fall into loose Sunday habits, and
do not have proper respect for the day
or for religious teachings. Through
the untiring efforts of that noble Chris-
tian, Mr. Rev. Thomas G. Gaillet, who
has taught but the good of the class
at heart, and who has done more for
their moral and spiritual welfare, we
venture to say, than any other live man
of to-day, this mission was established,
in the hope of helping all deaf-mutes
and supplying a void in their life which
tended to corrupt good morals and let
their spiritual welfare lie neglected.
Other denominations had and have
the same right, and if they do not think
enough of the deaf-mutes to improve
it, they only can blame themselves; the
mutes should not strike the once who
are trying to help and elevate and save
them. They should recognize their
friends and, although they may not ap-
prove of all their ways, not try to smite
the hand held forth in friendship. We
do not write this as an Episcopalian,
for we are far, very far, from being
one, but write it in the interest of those
with whom we have labored for a few
years, back, and in whose welfare we
take a deep interest. Our opinion is
that if all the missionaries were as
pure, fervent, unselfish and noble as
Rev. Thos. Gallaudet, nothing would
ever have been said, and no trouble
have arisen; but take a person who
places himself upon a lofty plane, hold-
ing himself up as a bright and shining
example of all that is pure and holy,
glorifying himself instead of his Sav-
ior, telling his brothers to come up and
behold what he has done, instead of
taking them kindly by the hand and
endeavoring to lead and walk with them
in the straight and narrow path, is
not one calculated to win the good
will and respect of his fellow men. A
man like Gallaudet, who has his heart
in his work and seeks to elevate and
save by love and kindness, cannot fail
to succeed; but a man who seeks to
glorify himself only, and to elevate
others by holding his own self-right-
eousness up as worthy of imitation,
must expect to meet with up-hill work
and hind labor. We hope that the
deaf-mutes of the country will not fal-
ter in the good work of securing reli-
gious teaching, and will allow no petty
jealousies to hinder their spiritual sal-
vation."

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money. It had been supposed that

The Deaf and Dumb School in Galesburg.

From the Galesburg, Ill., Daily Press, Dec. 6, 77.

On Monday, the 3rd inst., we had
the pleasure of visiting the Deaf and
Dumb School taught by Miss Helen M.
Dunning at the residence of Mr. Towner
on North Academy street. Miss Dun-
ning had previously taught at the Jack-
sonville Institute for five years, and
only left there on account of a loss of
health. We are not able to state with
that degree of certainty the advance-
ment in this manner of teaching that
we would in other schools, but from
what we were able to see (for, we heard
nothing), we think the scholars have
made very rapid advancement.

There are only four pupils now in
attendance, and to see their bright eyes
and expressive countenances would
fully repay any one for the trouble
and time of a visit. The first scholar
to whom we were introduced was Miss
Lizzie Towner, aged seven years, who
had only been to school six months,
and yet she went to the board and
wrote out answers to questions given
her by Miss Dunning, much more
quickly than many older children could
have done, or even answered orally.

The next was Alaudia Anderson, a
remarkably bright and active little girl
eight years old, who has only attended
school seven months. To our ques-
tions (written on the blackboard), she
wrote rapid and correct answers, and
seemed so earnest and anxious that
her little, bright eyes seemed almost
to speak.

The third was Miss Amanda Burg-
land, twelve years of age, and has been
to school eight months. While this
young miss is not as quick and active
as the other two, she appears to have
advanced fully as far, and to be a very
steady and studious pupil, and gave
very correct answers to the questions
propounded to her, and she recited the
Lord's Prayer by signs so distinct as
to be very easily understood.

The fourth and last was Miss Mary
Henly, aged fifteen years, a bright in-
telligent young lady who had only at-
tended school two weeks, and of course
had made but little headway.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
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U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, DEC. 20, 1877.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

PROF. JOB TURNER STARTING ON HIS SOUTHERN TRIP.

HIS SERVICES AT MEXICO.

A telegram from Prof. Job Turner, dated Norwood, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1877, stated that he would be in Mexico that evening, he then being on his route.

The evening train on the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg RR. from the North and East brought the Professor here at about 8:15. The intervening time till Sunday was very pleasantly spent by Mr. Turner, he being the guest of the editor of the JOURNAL, receiving calls from several deaf-mutes, and himself making several calls at the house of Mrs. G. J. Chandler, and also, by invitation, calling at the rectory, upon Rev. and Mrs. Cross, the former of whom is Rector of Grace Church, in this village.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Turner, accompanied by himself and wife, took tea with Mrs. Chandler. Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown, arrived in the evening, and called at Mrs. Chandler's, afterwards spending most of the time at our house till Monday morning.

The use of Grace (Episcopal) Church having been willingly granted, at 3 P. M., Sunday, the 16th, Prof. Job Turner, assisted by Miss Maria Nattina, Mr. C. O. Upham, Mr. H. L. Ball, Mrs. G. J. Chandler and Miss H. A. Avery, Mr. Wm. P. Wright, of New Haven, Mr. M. A. Jones and Mr. L. N. Jones, of Sand Hill, with a small collection of hearing persons assembled at the church. The preliminaries were rendered by Rev. Dr. Cross, for the benefit of the hearing audience, and by Prof. Turner for the deaf and dumb, after which Mr. Turner, in his inimitable and forcible style of sign language delivered from his subject, "self-denial," selected for the occasion, a very impressive and interesting discourse, which was intently watched, well understood, and deeply appreciated by the deaf-mutes present. A collection was taken, and the closing exercises were rendered orally by Rev. Mr. Cross.

Leaving church, the above-named deaf-mutes, excepting Mrs. Chandler, Miss Avery, and Mr. Wright partook of supper at our house, and afterwards the latter three, persons, Miss Mary Trip and Miss Gussie Chandler dropped in, and a very pleasant evening's social converse was enjoyed, after which the callers all left.

Monday morning Mr. Turner and Mr. Upham took an early breakfast with us, when, bidding us good bye, they left by the first morning train. Mr. Upham for Rome, and Prof. Turner taking his first regular starting from here for Rome, New York, Newark, N. J., Philadelphia, Washington, and Virginia. After the Professor has visited his two sons in Virginia, he proposes conducting special services in Knoxville, Tenn., Lynchburg, Petersburg, Richmond, Fredericksburg, Norfolk, and two or three other large cities in Virginia. Raleigh, Wilmington, N. C., Columbia, S. C., Charleston, S. C., Savannah, Ga., Augusta, Ga., Athens, Ga., Macon, Ga., Cayce Springs, Ga., Montgomery, Ala., Talladega, Ala., Mobile, Jackson, Miss., New Orleans, La., Natchez, Miss., Vicksburg, Miss., Memphis, Tenn., Little Rock, Arkansas, Baton Rouge, La., St. Louis, Mo., Louisville, Ky., and several large cities in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio. Mr. Turner expects to return to New York in April, and continue the prosecution of his missionary work among the deaf and dumb in New England.

The small attendance of deaf-mutes

at church demands a few words of explanation. Those who were not present, with two exceptions, live long distances from here. Of the two exceptions, Mrs. Wright lives five miles away and had no way to come only by walking, and Mrs. M. A. Jones was visiting friends in Saratoga county.

Prof. Turner was well pleased with the appearance of our village, and enjoyed his visit here very much. His friends here were highly gratified with his company, did all possible to make his first visit to Mexico pleasant, and hope that he enjoyed himself so well that he will hereafter be delighted by repeating the experiment.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

"As our fathers did before us, so do we." The Star in the East, which rose nearly nineteen hundred years since, proclaiming "peace and good will to men," an event which has since been immortalized by the Christian nations of the earth, has made the day we celebrate under the name of Christmas one of the fixed institutions of our very nature. From infancy to old age, from the cradle to the grave is the day utilized in bringing joy to the inhabitants of earth. Before lisping childhood can understand the difference between right and wrong this first principle of Christianity is implanted in the human breast, and various tokens of love are brought into requisition for the purpose of impressing in the minds of the coming men and women of the period the idea that Christmas is a day of joyous festivities above all other days recorded in the calendar.

The incipient idea of Christmas, almost inherent within us, associates the day with joy and gladness. Youth hangs its proverbial stocking in the chimney-corner as a receptacle in which the revered Santa Claus deposits his presents, to make glad long-expectant desires; middle-age plays well its part in its pent-up hilarity, reserved for the occasion, and maturer years dotes on the holiday and brings to its hospitable roof and social hearth-stone substantial comforts for itself, and pleasant enjoyments for both small children and those of more years and of a larger growth. The Christmas glees electrifies the soul of youth and increases the pulsations of the heart of aged years—brings present enthusiasm to the young, and, to the old, youthful recollections.

As a nation we cherish the observance of the Christmas holiday, perhaps above all others, though it may not elicit as much noisy demonstration as the one which we celebrate the birth of our national independence, while the Christian element of the American people, like that of all other countries, from a religious standpoint, look upon it as a reminder of the advent of the Savior of the world, and consequently regard it with a more appreciative estimation, and with more exalted opinion of its true characteristics.

To the devoted Christian the day is full of meaning, and beyond and above the transparent scenes of earthly joy and merriment, looms up the ever apparent view of the Cross. To such a soul Christmas is no meaningless day for temporal pleasures alone, but its recurrence ever brings home the story of Bethlehem and Calvary.

"Merry Christmas" echoing over hill and dale, through hamlet and city, proclaims December twenty-fifth a day of joy and rejoicing, a day of feasting and enjoyments. The morning zephyrs catch the inspiration and it is wafted to the four quarters of the globe. The atmosphere itself is permeated with the shouts of glee of the sons and daughters of earth, and all animate creation apparently rejoices in the bursting happiness of humanity.

Before the issue of another edition of our paper appears on the stage of current literature, Christmas for 1877 will have come and gone. Santa Claus will scatter his gifts over the land, here a little and there perhaps more; the rich will luxuriate in their lavish feasts, and the poor will partake of their scanty supplies, but to each and all we wish a "Merry Christmas."

REV. DR. THOMAS GALLAUDET TO OFFICIATE IN MEXICO, JAN. 11TH.

Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, who will attend the Mexico Deaf-mutes' Annual Sociable, will hold a service for the benefit of deaf-mutes, in Grace Church, in this village, at seven o'clock, Friday evening, Jan. 11th, 1878, on the same evening of, and previous to the sociable.

A cordial invitation is extended to deaf-mutes and others to attend the service at the church, after which, and in good season, there will be ample time to do justice to the sociable at Mayo Hall.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Rev. John Chamberlain, of New York, will conduct service for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, at 3 P. M., Sunday, Dec. 23d.

WEARING THE ILLINOIS DEAF-MUTE INSTITUTION CROWN.

The *Advance* of the 15th inst. published two articles, provoked by an article in the JOURNAL of the 6th inst. in which the writer, as usual, takes shelter behind the good deeds of the Illinois Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Among other things he tries to show that we have been aiming to belittle the good deeds and usefulness of that and other institutions, all of which is very wide of the truth, as the past records of the JOURNAL prove to the contrary.

We do not wish, and never have hoped, personally to stand or fall by the good results or mistakes of any institution. The columns of our paper show how well we regard the interests of deaf-mute institutions in general, and the deaf and dumb as a class; but, as a personal right, guaranteed to every American citizen, we exercise, and shall ever continue to adopt the privilege of advocating one policy or discouraging another, in accordance with the proportion of good they may be able to accomplish for our class of people. What we may say may amount to nothing as regards the workings of deaf-mute instruction, but as the right of criticising wrong principles, or extolling good ones, we, of course avail ourselves of the opportunity. At all events, we never have, like the *Advance*, attempted to shield our editorial, or other articles, by the glory, real or imaginary, belonging to any particular deaf-mute institution.

ORATORIO OF JOSEPH.

This oratorio, which will be given in the Methodist Church in this place, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, will doubtless be one of the finest musical entertainments ever given in this place.

The familiar story of Joseph is set to music, and will not fail to command a large audience each night.

Mr. Lewis Miller, under whose direction the oratorio is given, has such a reputation for conducting such entertainments as will guarantee the perfect success of this.

The whole story of Joseph—the favorite son—the dreamer of Hebron—the slave of the Ishmaelites—the prisoner in Egypt's dungeon, and the Governor of Egypt—will all be represented—the old man, Jacob, the hating brethren, magnanimous Judah, beloved Benjamin, haughty Pharaoh, etc., etc., will make it of thrilling interest. Of course everybody will go.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A TRAIN DITCHED ON THE SYRACUSE NORTH-ERN—BRAKEMAN KILLED.

PULASKI, Dec. 13.—The freight and accommodation train due here this morning at 7 o'clock, met with an accident about two miles south of this place, through some unknown cause. A car jumped the track, causing an instant and fearful crash, piling twelve freight cars in a promiscuous heap in the twinkling of an eye, and blocking the road from fence to fence completely. Some of the cars were tossed over the fence out of the road limits. A brakeman, named James Doyle, residing with a widowed mother in Syracuse, was buried beneath the ruins and killed. Coroner Caldwell was called and took charge of the body, which was taken to Box's undertaking rooms. Superintendent Van Horne, with an engine and men, are at the scene of the wreck clearing away the debris. The passenger and baggage cars were not injured.

MEXICO LODGE NO. 136 F. & A. M.

At the annual communication of the Mexico Lodge No. 136 F. & A. M. held December 17, 1877, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

J. G. VanBuren, W. M.
V. Walton, S. W.
R. T. Simpson, J. W.
E. Rulison, Treasurer.
H. M. Bard, Secretary.
L. H. Conklin, S. D.
D. H. Barnard, J. D.
H. C. Beals, S. M. C.
N. D. Hart, J. M. C.
George A. Penfield, Tiler.

H. M. BARD, Sec'y.

A mob of armed and masked men took possession of Osceola, Miss., on Friday night, the 14th inst., arrested everybody on the streets at the muzzles of revolvers and shot-guns, and went to the Court House and seized all the tax-books for this and past years in the County Clerk's and Treasurer's offices and carried them away. The trouble grew out of a railroad tax which had been levied to pay certain judgments against the county to pay past due interest on railroad bonds.

The Hemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Hemizer*.

The Staunton Institution gas works are being repaired.

"Day unto day uttereth speech," but not audible to the deaf and dumb.

The Minnesota Institution has received a fine Stereopticon from New York.

Twenty-four hogs raised and butchered at the Virginia Institution weighed 5,236 lbs.

A considerable number of the Kansas Institution pupils are going home to spend the holidays.

Mr. Robert D. Livingston, of Boston, Mass., made a trip to New York city on business last week.

Miss Minnie Fletcher, of Staunton, Virginia, is the new music teacher at the West Virginia Institution.

Prof. Wait, of the Illinois Institution, has been a teacher of the deaf and dumb for twenty-nine years.

ADMONITION, reproof and reprimand, with five marks for each, is the way they grade it at the West Virginia Institution.

CAPTAIN E. B. MOON, foreman of the institution's carpenter shop at Staunton, shot two wild turkeys on the 8th inst.

Prof. E. L. Bangs, recently of the Michigan Institution, lately delivered a lecture, which was highly applauded, at Vermontville, Michigan.

Says the Goodson Gazette: "One by one old citizens of Chicago are passing away. They are passing over into Canada until the depositors sell their claims."

PART of a wagon load of turkeys arrived at the Staunton Institution a few days ago, and the eight immediately inoculated Christmas ideas in the minds of the pupils.

The Goodson Gazette says: "It was pleasant without fire in this latitude last Wednesday," (the 19th inst.) That's nothing; it was pleasant with fire here just before that time.

The Superintendent of the Kansas Institution underwent a painful surgical operation on Thanksgiving day. At last accounts he was suffering less pain, but was prostrated by chills.

STORMY weather prevented the Staunton Institution pupils from making a holiday of Thanksgiving this year, but instead thereof, they had the 19th inst. for a holiday.

MARY McDonald, a deaf-mute, aged 65, has been missing from her home, No. 46 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, since the 13th inst.—N. Y. Times, Dec. 17, 1877.

INSTEAD of presenting a deaf and dumb beggar with a silver tea-set for suddenly regaining his voice in court the Judge gave him sixty days on the island.—N. Y. Evening Telegraph.

Miss Julia Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., has been spending several months in New York city with her friend, Miss H. M. Connor. Miss Smith does not think of returning home until July.

A surprise was given Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Munger, of Salisbury Centre, N. Y., on the 4th inst., in honor of Mr. Munger's birthday. The company spent the evening and left some very nice presents.

THOMAS O'Brien, a deaf man, once an employe in the garden at the Staunton Institution, while walking on the railroad track at the depot of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, at Staunton, was knocked down by a freight car and dragged for some distance, receiving injuries which resulted in his death a few days afterwards.

MR. CHARLES W. S. TURNER, a son of Prof. Job Turner, has resigned his place as teacher in the Virginia Institution on account of poor health, and his brother, Dr. E. L. Turner, has taken the position. We understand that Dr. Turner has been teaching two classes: one by signs and the other by articulation, until lately when the latter place was filled by the appointment of a very intelligent lady, whose name we have not yet learned.

MR. and Mrs. Elias J. Welsh, of Boston, Mass., have been on a short visit to New York. During their short stay there, they made a call at the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes. They left the other day for Philadelphia, where they will spend the holidays with Mr. Welsh's mother. Mr. Welsh is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and his wife, a native of Manchester, England, was educated somewhere in the mother country.

THE thanks of the Institution are due to Prof. Job Turner for a copy (in two volumes) of the State Reports of Maine for the year 1877. Those volumes are indexed in a new and excellent manner. The edges of the leaves are notched in such a way that the book can be opened at any desired page, while the index of subjects is printed on the front edges of the leaves, making it perfectly easy to know at what notch to open the book without turning a single unnecessary leaf.—Goodson (Va.) Gazette.

SOTHERN, the celebrated actor, is a wit supreme. Once with Mrs. Wood, while "starring" it in London, he went out in search of fun and got it in this wise:

The fun-loving pair wandered into an iron-monger's shop in quest of food for laughter, Sothern assuming the responsibility. He advanced to the counter and said, "Have you the second edition of Macaulay's History of England?" The shopkeeper establishment. "Well, it don't matter whether it is bound in calf or not," answered the customer. "But, sir, this is not a bookkeeper." "It don't matter how you put it up," says Sothern. "A piece of brown paper—the sort of thing you would give your own mother." "Sir!" bawled the shop keeper, "we—don't—keep—it! No books; this is an iron mongering shop." "Yes," says Sothern, "the binding differs, but I'm not particular—as long as I have a fly-leaf, don't you know." "Sir!" fairly screamed the shop keeper, "can't you see we keep no books? This is an iron monger's shop!" "Certainly," said Sothern seating himself, "I'll wait for it." Believing that his customer was either hopelessly deaf or equally mad, the man called another man from the other end of the store and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman. "What do you wish, sir?" shouted the second man, advancing. "I should like," says Sothern, quietly, "a small plain file about so long." "Certainly sir," said the man, casting upon bewildered No. 1 a glance of the most unmitigated disgust.

—Two thousand laborers on the Lachine canal, in Canada, have struck for a dollar a day, not being satisfied with ninety cents.

—Mrs. Luoisia Weber, of Cincinnati, while temporarily insane, cut the throat of her thirteen months old infant with a razor, and then her own. The child was expected to die, but it was thought that the mother would recover.

Local Paragraphs.

Miss Sarah Webb is visiting friends at Courtland.

If you would spend an evening pleasantly, go to the Apron Festival this evening.

Call in and examine our samples of job printing when you wish anything in that line.

Mr. Joseph Slack, of Waterloo, formerly of this town and village, was in town last week.

Frank Hartison, who is attending Hamilton College, is at home to spend the holiday vacation.

C. H. Stone and F. H. Peck, students at Hamilton College are in town spending the holidays vacation.

Mrs. Ceryl Snow is suffering considerably from a cancer, with which she has been afflicted for a long time.

There was a "Greenback" meeting held in town a few nights since, but we don't see any of the greenbacks.

Sam Sloan has lately cut down the wages of station agents, depot and track hands on the R. W. & O. RR.

The Apron Festival this (Wednesday) evening at Mayo Hall affords a fine occasion for a rich entertainment.

Nicholas Knight has twenty scholars at the Grafton Square district, and we understand that he is giving good satisfaction.

Union Square was represented by several members at the turn-out of the Mexico Tent of Rechabites last Sunday evening.

School at the Academy is progressing finely, as usual, this term, with an attendance of between seventy-five and eighty students.

The oldest inhabitant and the youngest never saw any nicer weather in December than we have enjoyed during the past few days.

Large crowds of men and women are daily and nightly drawn to the store of E. Rulison, where he is closing out his business at auction sale.

Wood more than keeps pace with the low price of coal, some of it having been sold as low as \$1.25 a cord, for good beech, birch and maple.

Hiram Walker, of Union Square, though quite lame from his paralytic shock, is able to be around and is feeling somewhat more comfortable.

Twelve hundred bushels of potatoes were recently received in two days, at our railroad depot. Alec Myers is paying forty-five cents a bushel for them.

Those who claim to know, say that a town hall will be built in this village next year, and those who don't know are in hopes that they are right about it.

The Cisco Chasers have re-organized, and have engaged John Diddier, (the professional player, formerly of the Ontario's.) We wish them good success.

Lamphire, who was, with Arthur Crosset, concerned in stealing a barrel of cider, gave himself up, was fined three dollars by Justice Midlam and discharged from custody.

If you have a fat chicken and a clean table-cover, put them both on for Christmas, then invite in some friends, if you have any, (if not you will have), to admire the table, and help eat the chicken.

Notwithstanding all the money devoted to the foreign missionary cause, and all the good lessons taught Sunday-school scholars at home, some of the youngest fledglings that run the streets can rake up oaths that would make a privateer captain blush.

The Universalist Church Society gave a very pleasant entertainment last Monday evening. The Helicon band furnished fine music, and Mr. Dillon, proprietor of the Empire Hotel, gave the use of Empire Hall. The evening wound up with music and dancing.

The Mexico Annual Deaf-mutes' Sociable, Friday evening, Jan. 11th, will be a fine entertainment for both the deaf and dumb and hearing people. Refreshments will be served, and music, the very best that our village affords, will be provided for dancing. The committee having the supervision of preparations for the sociable and dance are doing everything possible to make the occasion interesting and pleasant for all attendants.

The young ladies of the Presbyterian Church in this village have formed themselves into a missionary society, to raise funds to help support the African mission. These young ladies think of giving a series of social entertainments during the present winter, at which young men will be admitted. Their first social entertainment of this kind was given last Monday evening, at the Presbyterian parsonage, at which about fifty persons are reported to have been present.

The Oratorio, at the M. E. Church, in this village, which will be performed on Tuesday night and repeated on Wednesday night, next week, promises a rich treat for all who enjoy the acting and the representations of scenes and people of ancient times. In choosing "Joseph" as the subject of the Oratorio, the conductor, as usual, has struck the right chord this time, and the long course of drilling which his large company of assistants have passed through will make it a rare entertainment, which will, undoubtedly, be very highly appreciated.

It having been previously announced that Mrs. Youmans of Picton, Can., would deliver a temperance address last Sunday evening in the M. E. Church in this village, at an early hour people began to pour into the house, soon filling the pews and gallery, and with the use of portable seats occupying the aisles, and a few taking seats in the adjoining Sunday-school room. About 700 persons were present.

The Rechabites of Mexico Tent, under whose auspices and patronage the address was delivered, were not present in full force, but about fifty of them, dressed in regalia and presenting a very fine appearance, occupied the platform at the right and left of the pulpit.

Rev. J. H. McGahen, Pastor of the Baptist Church, read the thirty-fifth chapter of Jeremiah, and prayer was offered by Rev. J. Q. Adams, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church. Vocal music was furnished by members of the Order. Rev. W. F. Hemenway, Pastor of the M. E. Church, introduced the lecturer, who occupied about fifty minutes in delivering one of the most witty, impressive, sarcastic and soul-stirring temperance lectures to which the people of this village are seldom permitted to listen. Mrs. Youmans understands her subject, is vigorously prosecuting her temperance reform labor, and, judging from her robust appearance, she is capable of enduring the service.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser, Nov. 3, 1877.]

That insurance only is of avail which abundantly insures. Payment of premium is made expressly in order that if loss occurs the company, which has given its bond in consideration of that premium, may satisfactorily settle the claim that is justly made, the risk of any reason for such demand the company having assumed. It is a singular fact that business men and others, who investigate most closely investments of whatever name with which they may have to do, leave out of sight the irregularities in the way of effecting fire insurance, and suffer themselves to be bought by fair promises. It is well that the practice is not universal, and that with some owners of real estate and merchandise the best companies are uniformly designated to take the fire risks on their property. It is understood, therefore, by considerate property-holders that there are organizations which take the lead of others of similar name, who make for themselves the most honest regulations, whose direction is of high order, and to whom must be paid as to acknowledged superiors the courtesy of choice.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company, a policy in whose name was issued in 1794, but which was incorporated in 1810, is one of the oldest in America, and throughout all trials has proved to be one of the best. The age of an insurance company is taken into consideration by the intelligent applicant for a policy. If, in conjunction with long service, a company has steadily increased, allowing itself in enterprise and honor to be surpassed by none, it is named as standard.

The ancient history of the Hartford Fire is prudential. Its capital was small, and but part of it paid in when, in the great fire of New York in 1835, the true character of its direction was made known. The private credit of its directors was at once pledged to meet its obligations, its secretary was sent to New York to attend to its agency business and to pay its losses, and such confidence was placed in the action of this company that before the claims were all presented for settlement he had taken premiums sufficient in amount to cancel every dollar of its indebtedness.

In the great fire at Chicago the Hartford's losses were nearly two millions of dollars. The telegram that announced the destruction of that city was answered from the home office that the money was ready to settle every claim as soon as adjusted, and the agents in other places were informed that the old Hartford would promptly meet all obligations in Chicago and elsewhere, and were directed to go on taking new business. The energy of their management

could not be stayed by casualty. The day following the fire a church building was turned into a business office, and in four months the Hartford occupied the rooms in its new building on La Salle Street. Within sixty days from the fire the company adjusted and paid \$1,280,000 of its losses, demonstrating that no error was made when its motto was selected,—*Flammis quae correpta revent renovare conatur*—freely rendered, "We labor to restore what the flames destroy."

In little more than a year, the great Boston fire cost the Hartford nearly half a million of dollars; all adjusted claims were paid at sight without discount or delay. The losses paid by the company amount in all to more than \$21,000,000. Such a record is its own argument for integrity, ability, and determination.

The present assets of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company are \$3,273,868.88. Its capital is a million and a quarter, the reserve for re-insurance nearly a million, and its net surplus about \$900,000. It has always been a staunch member of the Board of Underwriters, the president having at one time held the chief office in that organization. It conceives that the true scope and intention of all well-calculated commercial laws is to unite individual interest in such manner that the community may be induced to act for the general good. It is of opinion that the great insurance service, the failure of which would involve the mercantile transactions of the world, must be managed conservatively and skillfully to the attainment of just results. Co-operative influence in the right direction will conduct proper reform in the laws for the erection of buildings, the improvement in fire departments, the system for water supply, and for establishing other hindrances to destruction of property by fire.

It has become a necessity that fire insurance corporations should be possessed of ample means that when numbers of their policies are forced to payment the response may be immediate. Hundreds of men were saved from bankruptcy by the prompt action of the Hartford in certain cases of emergency. It has been found that buildings which were deemed the safest have been swiftly destroyed, and the risk of insurance is known to be greater than was once believed. It becomes every property-owner to see to it that his policies are with responsible companies. The man who has once held failed promises may not again be deceived, and he who has not should be careful how he pays his premium and at the same time virtually carries his own insurance.

A policy in the Hartford Fire is as good as a gold bond. For nearly seventy years, in all respects, the company has stood as now among the care-abiding, honest institutions of the country, and has always been, as now, among the largest, most influential, and most famous. Its agents are resident in all cities, towns, and hamlets. Its immediate administration is worthy those of its precession. When it shall make up its centennial, let it be a historic registry of duty so fulfilled towards every one who placed confidence in its promises, that then, as now, its reputation shall be unsullied.

L. H. & L. S. CONKLIN, Agents,
Mexico, N. Y.

Don't Crowd Them too Much.

The *Advance*—or some person writing therefor, we don't know which, as we never see the paper—has been using slang and personal vituperation, as arguments against the JOURNAL man's views of State Institutions, or so he says. The latter believes, as does very many others, that in a very populous State all the deaf-mutes should not be crowded together in one Institution, like a drove of buffaloes or herd of cattle, but when an Institution is filled, not to overcrowd it, but found another, that all may stand a good opportunity of receiving instructions in the different things taught therein, (though we believe he don't like the industries.) But nevertheless the idea is right. If there are enough deaf-mutes in a State to fill five or ten Institutions even, why, build them, and let them all stand a like chance of receiving an education. And above all things we dislike to see an Institution crowded to overflowing, for the weakest always get pushed aside, in class-rooms and in play, and the strong, bright pupil gets pushed ahead. Equality and impartiality are impossible things where the care of too many are forced upon one head.—*Deaf-Mute Mirror*, Dec. 14, 1877.

[We can't see why the *Mirror* sticks to the idea that we "don't like the industries" as a part of instruction for pupils in institutions. As regards the sentiments of the editor of the *Mirror*, (a speaking and hearing quill-driver) respecting the overcrowding of institutions and multiplying new ones, every sympathizer with the best educational and humanitarian interests of deaf and dumb school children will respond a hearty Amen.—*Ed. JOURNAL*.]

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

OUR WORCESTER LETTER.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 8, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. Samuel Rowe, of West Boyford, Mass., came to this city, Saturday, the 17th ult., and preached an excellent sermon to the Worcester deaf-mutes on Sunday morning. We enjoyed reciting our Scriptures at noon, and our prayer-meeting was very good in the evening. We were greatly delighted to hear religious stories told by some of the members of the society. Miss Marion L. Taft, of this city, read a beautiful hymn to us, in the sign language, written by Mary D. Brine, entitled, "The Hand to which I cling." It is as follows:

There is not a moment of each day
That I don't need to cling
To the mighty hand that leadeth me,
And which at the last shall bring
My stumbling feet to the living path
Which leads to the great white throne;
And which, ah! well do I know it, Lord,
I never can reach alone.

I am blind,
Too blind to choose my way
Through this strange bewildering world,
So I dare not even for one brief space
And day and night as the hours pass,
I know I may not see my guide,
Yet I trust by the faith in my trusting heart,
That He is close at my side.

And whether it be
Through storm, or shine,
I am told to follow on.
It matters not, since my feet may tread
Where the Saviour to His hand I cling,
And closer still to His hand I cling,
By faith, praise and prayer,
Till at last at His feet I lay me down
Forever at rest from care.

Mr. Joseph O. Sanger, of Westborough, did not come to this city on the evening of the 21st ult. to lecture at the deaf-mutes' hall, as we expected, but we were quite satisfied with Mr. William H. Green's lecture which occupied about an hour.

Mrs. D. B. Howe, of this city, after an absence of three weeks, returned home from Boston in improved health, the 17th ult. She enjoyed her visit among her friends in various places—Boston, East Boston, Dorchester and Brighton. She stopped with Mr. Morton E. Harrington's folks in Brighton, for about three weeks, and had a very nice time with them. She made a pleasant visit to Mr. George A. Holmes, president of the Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Union, of this city, staying over night at East Boston.

Mrs. Harrington's maiden name was Cora E. Hart, and she attended school at Hartford six years. She is a semi-mute. Her husband was a member of the American Asylum seven years—from 1857 to 1864. He is a carpenter by trade, and was a former resident of Upton, Mass., but is now residing in Brighton, a few miles from Boston. He has two interesting children that can hear. Mr. and Mrs. Harrington used to live in Worcester.

There was no preaching at the deaf-mutes' hall, Sunday forenoon, Nov. 25, but a Bible class was held at noon. It rained hard almost all day; so most of the members of the society were absent, only four besides myself being present.

Miss Lizzie E. Stevens, a resident of Gardner, Mass., came to this city, Saturday, the 24th ult., for the purpose of hearing Mr. Geo. A. Holmes preach on Sunday forenoon, but was greatly disappointed, for he did not come. She made Mrs. E. W. Denny's house her stopping place for two days.

Mr. Charles F. Green, treasurer of the deaf-mute society in this city, went to St. Johns, New Brunswick, on business, November 12th, and came home on the 23d. It is said that he will soon go back to stay till spring.

Mr. William H. Green, secretary of the society here, with his wife, went to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Green's sister, in Stoughton, Mass. Mrs. Green will stay there several weeks, but Mr. Green expects to come home soon.

On the evening of the 30th ult., Mr. George A. Holmes, of Boston, came here on important business, stayed at the deaf-mutes' hall about an hour, and went back to Boston that evening.

Before Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Fairman, both deaf-mutes, of Hartford, went to Hubbardston. Mr. Fairman left his wife at her folk's there. He came to this city, Saturday, Dec. 1st, to stay till Monday when he returned home to Hartford. Mrs. Fairman expects to come to Worcester soon, to stay a week with her friends here, before returning to Hartford. Mr. Fairman will probably come to this city again after his wife. Mrs. Fairman's maiden name was Charlotte A. Woodward. She was at school in Hartford from 1856 till 1864. Her husband was a scholar there ten years—from 1853 to 1863. He is a

man of good character and good manners. He is a faithful follower of Christ, and always tries to encourage the prayer-meetings at the Asylum, when he goes there. He is in the shoe business in Hartford.

Mr. Gustavus A. Converse, a deaf-mute, formerly of Rindge, N. H., but now of Winchendon, Mass., was in this city Dec. 3d, stayed only a few hours and went home in the evening. He is a married man. He went to the Hartford Asylum in 1850, and remained there five years.

Mr. Geo. B. Keniston, of Everett, came here Saturday evening, Dec. 1st, to conduct religious services before the deaf-mutes of this city on Sunday forenoon, after which he led the Bible class during my absence. I presume they had a very good prayer-meeting in the evening.

Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, when I went to the deaf-mutes' hall, I found only two mute men there. There was no lecture, on account of the rain. It was postponed till Monday evening, the 13th inst.

Mr. Eugene Wood, a native of Rhode Island, and afterwards a resident of Webster, a few miles from this city, can talk, but cannot hear. He attended the American Asylum, for seven years. On his graduation from the Gallaudet High School, he moved with his folks to Greenfield, Indiana, and worked for his father in a flour mill for sometime. He was a teacher in the Indiana Institution for Deaf-mutes for a year or so. Last summer his father sold his mill to him. He has done very well since he bought it. His father is now in the coal business. Mr. Wood, jr., is a dealer in flour, grain and meal. He has an excellent wife and a nice little girl. He is an old classmate of mine.

I was recently very much pleased to hear from Mr. Wm. M. Allan, of Michigan. He is an old college friend of mine. I am very glad to learn that he is the editor and proprietor of the "Journal Times."

My wife's brother, Winslow B. Howe, who went to Amherst, Mass., last August, is a student of the Agricultural College. He went home to Marlborough, on the 28th ult., to spend Thanksgiving with his folks. He expects to return to college on the 13th of this month.

On the afternoon of November 28th, I accompanied my wife and child to Marlborough, about sixteen miles from this city. We enjoyed the stage route very much. When Thanksgiving day came, it rained a great deal in the morning, but it soon turned to snow. It continued snowing all the afternoon and evening. About two inches fell. We did not go out for pleasure on account of the storm, but enjoyed digesting a big turkey very much. Friday morning it was very cold, and it remained cold till Monday morning. My wife and child are enjoying themselves very much. They will come here in about two weeks.

Marlborough is a large town, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants, most of whom are rich. There are a great many boot and shoe manufacturers, a large number of stores, seven churches, two printing-offices, etc. One printing-office is in the East village, and the other in the West village. The former paper is the "Marlboro' Mirror-Journal," published by Pratt Brothers, and the latter, "The Times," published by Morse & Bigelow.

Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, Mrs. E. W. Denny was greatly delighted at receiving a nice turkey from Hon. Stephen Salisbury, of this city. It weighed 9½ lbs. He gives her one every year, which shows that he is very kind to her. He has done so ever since her husband's death. Mr. Salisbury is a very wealthy citizen, and owns quite a number of houses in this city.

Mr. D. A. C. Buck, a watch-maker, in this city, presented the members of the "Massachusetts Deaf-Mute Christian Union" with a lot of good magazines, papers, etc. Our hearty thanks are due him for them.

If any of the deaf-mutes would like to write me, they will please direct to No. 8, Denny Street, Worcester, Mass., (my residence.) I should be very happy to hear from them.

DANIEL W. CARY.

PILGRIMS—PURITANS.

I am fully aware that the term "Pilgrim" ought only to be applied to those who came over in the May Flower, but it is also often made to include the other early Puritan settlers of New England. I used it in the latter sense. This, however, is for the information of the readers of the JOURNAL, as no one, with the slightest claim to good breeding, can notice such persons as "Nemo."

WHY SOME MARRIED PEOPLE ARE UNHAPPY.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The poet who wrote the above hit the nail on the head. A young man's fancy seems to turn to thoughts of love in other seasons besides spring, and a great deal too lightly for his own welfare and that of the girl he professes to love. Love is very often pure fancy. A young man thinks he is in love, rushes off, hunts up a clergyman, gets married, and in six months discovers that he has married the wrong person, as he does not care for two straws for his wife. All his friends, perhaps, knew that his love was only pure fancy, but did not dare tell him so. If they had done so, his reply would probably have been something like this: "Much obliged; I am twenty-one—old enough to know my own business, and would thank you to attend to yours."

There is nothing so touchy (except gunpowder), as a young man just of age. He thinks he knows everything worth knowing, and is abundantly able to take care of himself and the whole world besides. If he passes that critical age without making a fool of himself (which, by the way, few do), he may consider himself lucky. The most common symptom of his folly is a desire to get married, and if he succeeds, the chances are, a hundred to one, that the lives of both parties are wretched and completely ruined.

No man should marry before he can support a family according to his rank in life. Life in a novel, and real life, are two very different things. "All for love and the world well lost," is a very pretty sentiment, as long as you have a roof over your head and plenty to eat and wear, but when "poverty comes in at the door and love flies out at the window" and leaves nothing but trouble behind, even those who are blessed with all their senses find it very hard to support their families. Not one man in a thousand can save anything for his family in case he dies, and if he dies before his children are able to take care of themselves, they are apt to have a hard struggle for bare existence. Men are too busy fighting their own battles, to heed the cry of distress.

Some think that their families, particularly their parents, should contribute to their support. That is one of the worst ideas that a young man can entertain. Every young married couple should live alone, away from their parents on both sides. If they should live with the old folks, and there should happen to be a slight dispute between the young ones, the parents would of course interfere, give advice, and by that means make matters worse, with the best of intentions.

In America some people are under the impression that because we are all equal in the eye of the law, we are so socially. It is true that we have no titled rank, but republicans are said to be greater aristocrats than those that dwell in monarchial countries. Educated and refined people can not associate with the uneducated and coarse without mutual disgust, and if they are tied for life their state is positively awful. Neither party can sympathize with the pursuits of the other, because they cannot understand them, and their lack of sympathy makes them the more uncomfortable, because they are under the necessity of concealing it.

A very young man in love is not apt to stop to consider whether his lady love is his equal or not, and after a while he becomes ashamed of her manners and lack of education, if she is his inferior, though I think if the wife is the superior the case is worse, as women have more sensitive feelings, as a general rule, than the "lords of creation."

A celebrated American wit and lecturer once wrote to an English periodical: "Advice to those contemplating matrimony—don't." He received \$25 for his advice, and if some of those who read it had taken it, they would have saved themselves a great deal of misery.

A wife ought to be something better than a darning of stockings and a sewer-on of buttons. She should be a companion. Her husband should treat her like an equal; consult her comfort before his own, and do everything in his power to make her happy. The feelings of woman, as I said before, are more sensitive than those of man; and in unhappy homes, it is generally the wife that suffers the most. A man, if unhappily married, can go among his friends and enjoy himself, but if a woman appears in society without her husband, she is pretty sure to be talked about; and if the tongue of slander is once started about a woman it is not apt to stop until it has completely ruined her.

The way some men treat their wives is perfectly shameful. They go around enjoying themselves, perhaps talking about their kindness to their wives, while the poor women sit moping at home, perhaps dreading the return of their "lords and masters," for they know there will be trouble if they do not meet them with a smile, and they think they ought to be happy because their husbands are so, no matter how dull and unhappy their life may be.

It is a wonder to me why girls are so anxious to get married. I should think the number of unhappy homes all around them would frighten them. Not one marriage in a thousand turns out happily, but when such is the case, that home is a paradise. If a person is happy single, he, or she, had better stay so, as matrimony is more dangerous than a battle field; for in a battle field you stand some chances of escaping unhurt, and if you are killed there is an end of you, as far as this world is concerned, but if you marry unhappily, you are unhappy in this life, and perhaps in the next, as marriage has great influence on one's character and actions.

VIEUX GARÇON.
New York, December, 1877.

ABOUT THE WILLIAMS' FAMILIES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—According to my promise to give a description of the causes of deafness which I have noticed among the deaf, I will give you one as distinctly as I can, though it is a puzzle to me how deafness comes in some cases.

Pride strives to conceal what it thinks may be a mortification to it. But I will give your readers what I have observed among the deaf, for the benefit of those who are deeply interested in investigating the causes of deafness, so that they may come to a satisfactory conclusion in regard to them.

Now I will give you one—that of Mr. Ira W. Williams whom I have previously mentioned. He was born deaf, as his most intimate friends informed me. He had a deaf and dumb brother, now dead, and a sister, of the same misfortune. His other four sisters are blessed with hearing, but are not of sound mind. One of them was married to Mr. Condit, our most respected postmaster, and all of her children are blessed with hearing. Mr. Ira Williams has two deaf and dumb daughters who were born so. His brother, and sister were born in Orange, which is a plane, containing some marshes. Their parents were born among the hills over the mountains, and their speech was satisfactory.

The lately deceased wife of Mr. Williams was born deaf, was twice married, and by her first husband had two daughters, both blessed with hearing. Her former husband was also born deaf. Mrs. Williams had two sisters, living in the State of New York, one of whom had a deaf-mute child who graduated at the New York Deaf-mute Institution many years ago. The parents of Mr. Williams, and his wife, were not related.

There are several families of Williams' in Orange, some distinguished and others unprincipled. It makes me think that there may be much intermarriage among them, which causes deafness. But the distinguished are unwilling to acknowledge that they married relatives. They may have so married without the knowledge of outsiders. There are nine of the Williams' that are deaf and dumb.

JOHN BENNETT.
Livingston, Essex Co., N. J., Dec. 9, 77.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I write these few lines in the hope that they may prove interesting to your readers.

Mr. Edward Welsh, of Boston, came to Ottawa last Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1st, from Montreal. He was the guest of our boarding house, and we found him of much interest in his intelligent and diligent conversation.

The next evening, (Sunday), after his arrival, we accompanied him to see Mr. W. T. Parsons, a deaf-mute gentleman, who had the misfortune to lose his left arm, whilst walking along the railroad track in Richwood, Ohio, four years ago. He was trying to get out of the way of one train, not knowing another was immediately behind him which knocked him down, injuring his left arm, which ultimately had to be amputated. He came back to Ottawa, and is now living with his mother. He is unable to work, but he can do many things. He made a wonderful bureau for himself. He was a cabinet-maker by trade. He graduated, in 1857, from the New York Institution.

I showed Mr. Welsh some of the sights of this city, with which he was highly pleased. While we were walking, I pointed out the splendid Parliament Buildings, on Wellington street, and told him that it was the seat of Government, of Canada, which greatly astonished him by its appearance. He visited many places of interest. Last September he left Boston for Montreal in order to prosecute his business as an agent, through the Eastern States and Canada. In the latter he made a good business.

When he went to Berlin Falls, near Gorham, N. H., late in the night, as he was walking to a hotel, he saw two drivers run their buggies against each other, and one of the vehicles was overturned. Help was soon rendered by the neighbors, and fortunately, none of them were much hurt. Mr. Welsh happily escaped being knocked down.

In Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont he traveled from town to town, and remained a few days at Mr. Abbott's, in Groveton, N. H., who was very glad to see Mr. Welsh. He has 250 acres of land, and owns a large orchard, which bears rich fruit. He is well off and lives comfortably. Our friend called to see another deaf-mute, named Meehan, of Guildhall, Vt., who received him hospitably. He was going to build a new house for himself.

After that, he left for Canada and went to Cooticoke, P. Q. He called on three deaf-mute brothers named Bouquet, living with their parents. Most of them had a good education and looked intelligent. Two of them were schoolmates of mine.

He visited Sherbrooke, P. Q. The lake is a good place for pleasure in boating and fishing, and in the hill country springs abound. The inhabitants were kind to him, and bought a number of books from him. He was thankful to the editor of a newspaper in Sherbrooke, who announced the sale of his book, "The Adventures of a Deaf-mute," in his paper.

He soon reached Montreal, and after having remained ten days he set out for Quebec, and was pleased with his visit to the barracks, Wolfe and Montcalm's monuments, and other interesting objects. He was kindly shown around by a soldier, and was much obliged for the kindness and description, and took an affectionate farewell of the soldier. He went to see Mr. James Patterson, a deaf-mute, a book-binder, who is a good, comical fellow, and is a graduate of the New York Institution. Mr. Welsh remained in Quebec for two weeks. When he left he traveled from town to town up to Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Widd and he went to the depot, to wait for Rev. Thomas Gallaudet's arrival from the west. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet met with a very warm reception from Mr. Widd, at whose house he was a guest, which I suppose your readers already know about. Mr. Welsh soon left Montreal for Ottawa. He remained here for a week; then bade us adieu in order to go to Ogdensburg, last Monday morning. He has traveled for nearly three months and is still on the wing. He will have to go home to Boston in two weeks.

Trade is very dull at the Capital just now, which makes times rather hard. Fortunately, the winter, so far, has not been very severe, yet there is great suffering among the poor.

I wish every prosperity to your enterprising JOURNAL, and may, at some future time, have more news for it.

Yours respectfully,
A CANADIAN BOY.
Ottawa, Canada, Dec. 13, 1877.

PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 9, 1877.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—Thanksgiving day with its festivities and good cheer, has come and gone, and the city whose markets are well stored and tables abundantly spread seemed as if it had blessings upon blessings to be thankful for.

The pumpkin pies which had been lying waiting in the pantry, were at last marched out to the table in procession, and the good heads of the house, who no doubt felt grateful for having been thus blessed in these hard times, played the part of good Russian army officers in the vigorous way in which they handled their carving knives in Turkey.

Our school spent the day in a most agreeable manner, like the other institutions of the city, and in spite of the rainy weather out of doors succeeded in making a little sunshine within. The sumptuous Thanksgiving dinner, followed by fruit, &c., was enjoyed by all.

Toward noon the first snow flakes of the season paid us their compliment for about five minutes, whereupon the genial and active Mr. W—, one of our directors who spent a little while with us during the day, remarked that the old woman was picking her goose for Christmas. Very small goose it must have been.

The afternoon was spent very pleasantly in games, &c., and the day wound up by our principal giving us an exhibition of Magic Lantern. Some of the views were very fine, and we were glad to see the people's friend, Shakespeare, make his appearance in clear outlines.

In spite of the weather it was a good day for the permanent Exhibition, our favorite resort. Many flocked to the great Industrial Palace to witness the exercises of the day, one of them being the roasting of a whole ox.

The school work goes on bravely, and we will have weeks of active brain work this month, it being composition time.

Jack Frost has already shown his right hand, much to the inconvenience of delicate noses, which he pinches unmercifully. Cruel Jack! But with no thought of the penalty their noses will suffer. "Our boys' favorite topic now is their skating rink, and the young folks are dreaming of moonlight rides through the frosty air, and when you hear from me again the ground will be covered with beautiful snow."

KEYSTONE.
[We would be glad to have the writer send us regular weekly correspondence for the pleasure of our readers in general, and for the benefit in particular of our Pennsylvania readers. —ED. JOUR.]

HOUSE RARELY PAYS THE ATTENTION TO

these gentlemen that speeches which cost \$50 per minute would seem to be entitled to, and frequently the speaker raps in vain for order during their delivery.

When Onslow was speaker of the English House of Commons, a member who was very fond of hearing himself speak—though nobody would listen to him—on one occasion made a direct appeal to the chair, in consequence of the accustomed noise that was going on. "Mr. Speaker," he cried, "have I not a right to be heard?" The speaker hoped at first to escape the necessity of a direct answer by calling "order!" But this was of no avail, and the member asked in a still louder tone, "Sir, have not a right to be heard?" "Sir," replied Onslow, "you have a right to speak."

The Mexican question is attracting considerable attention, and there have been consultations of military magnates, which are regarded as ominous. But General Sherman won't interview on the subject. He is as innocent as a new-born babe. The House military Committee is making a thorough inquiry into the matter.

Many Senators and members are off for the holiday recess. It is said, however, that Senator Patterson will not make this the occasion of a visit to his old friends in South Carolina.

FAX.
CONDENSED NEWS.

—Ex-Congressman John F. Driggs, of Michigan, is dead.

—Europe expended for telegraph messages last year \$15,400,000.

—Moody and Sankey are holding revival meetings in Providence.

—Girard College has been enlarged so as to accommodate 900 students, and is now open to non-residents of Pennsylvania.

—Donovan & Moran, the largest leather merchants and tanners of Montreal, have made an assignment. Liabilities about \$300,000.

—Lord Claudebo, the eldest son of Lord Dufferin, accompanied by Major and Mrs. Hamilton, arrived from Ireland at Ottawa, Ont., Saturday, the 15th inst.

—A woman fifty-nine years old, carrying a pack weighing seventy-five pounds, with her son recently arrived at La Grange, Oregon, having walked from Indiana.

—Early on the morning of Dec 16, tramps attempted to wreck a freight train on the Hudson River Railroad, by placing a barricade of planks, iron, and fence rails on the track at One Hundred and Forty-eighth street, New York. A track-walker discovered and removed the obstructions. Several arrests have been made.

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Dec. 23rd.

The Psalter for the 23rd day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxx.

2d Lesson—Matthew iii, to v. 13th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxxii.

2d Lesson—1 Corinthians i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourth Sunday in Advent.

Sunday, Dec. 30th.

The Psalter for the 30th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xxxv.

2d Lesson—Luke ii, verse 25th.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Isaiah xl.

2d Lesson—1 Corinthians ii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Christmas Day.

MARRIED:

MANWARREN—MENTER.—By Justice Rich, at his residence, in Homerville, Dec. 11, 1877, Mr. Eugene Manwarren and Hattie L. Menter, both of Mexico.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:

Flour, (retail) Spring \$6 80 Red 7 20 White 8 00

Meal, ½ cwt, (retail)..... 1 30

Shells, ½ ton,..... \$18 00

Shipments, ½ ton,..... \$20 00

Middlings, ½ ton,..... \$24 00

Corn,..... 65 70

Oats,..... 35 @ 40

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCTS.

Butter,..... 15 @ 20

Loose Butter,..... 12 @ 18

Cheese,..... 11 @ 13

Lard,..... 10

Eggs, ½ dozen,..... 20

Beef, ½ lb,..... 05 @ 12½

Pork, ½ cwt,..... \$4 @ 5½

Mutton, ½ cwt,..... \$6 @ 9

Turkey, ½ barrel, retail,..... \$15

Pork, ½ cwt,..... \$5 @ 5½

Apples, (dried) ½ lb,..... 04

Ham, ½ lb,..... 11½

Dressed Poultry, ½ lb,..... 8 @ 10

Potatoes, ½ bush,..... 35 @ 40

Beef Hides, ½ lb,..... 5 @ 6

THE HIDDEN HAND, OR QUIET DOING.

BY MRS. E. M. GRAY, M. D.

How much we sometimes live in one brief week. Fond hopes and expectations now, yield to an actual knowledge. Oh! if we could be permitted to look into the vista of the future, many of our day-dreams would vanish. But all this is not permitted. We jog along, not knowing our earthly future very far ahead. Infinite wisdom thus orders it. We have been taught the prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread," not give us this year or for life our bread.

When we parted from our readers last week, we left dear Mrs. Shelby ill, as we said. Perhaps another week may tell favorably on the invalid. But no! She has passed from earthly scenes to heavenly joys. She is enjoying the presence of that Savior, whom not having seen, she loved. She did not rally so as to converse with any of the members of her family. Well did the Judge remember all her words. His was a grief too deep for utterance. It came on that stricken household suddenly; yet it did not find Mrs. Shelby unprepared. She was one of those wise ones; waiting for the coming of her Lord, and, when called, her lamp was trimmed and burning. Her fall from her carriage had much to do with her sudden departure, as paralysis of the spine ensued.

The day, the hour has come when friends assembled at the house of the Judge to pay their tributes of love to her memory. Her old pastor, Rev. Mr. — was present, and conducted the services. All the clergymen of the place were present, and took part in the exercises. The children of Flower Garden Home were there, looking sorrowful, knowing that their dear, loving Mrs. Shelby would no more come to them. They had been told that their earthly friend had gone to God's flower garden over there—no more to suffer pain. Then they seemed glad to know that she had no more pain, for they all dearly loved her. The pastor arose, and words like these he spoke:

"How many homes have been broken up; how many happy unions severed, how many hopes crushed, how many prospects blighted, and how many families stricken by the hand of death! In many circles, bereavements have been so frequent occurrences that already half the number that once surrounded the old hearth-stone have passed away. Not so in this household. For many long years, the death angel has passed them by; but now he enters, and the wife, the mother, lies before us dressed for her earth couch in yonder cemetery. She with whom so many now present have taken sweet counsel, lies motionless in death. Her spirit has gone to God who gave it. Then looms up the thought—shall we recognize our friends in the world to come? This is a question of great interest to all; especially to those who are to-day mourning their beloved dead.

Our affection does not cease when the grave closes over those we love, but reaches far beyond it, and how often in our imaginations we follow our friends to the 'City of our God,' and walk with them over the fields of bliss!

Must love then die when this frail body dies? Must all our happy friends' lips close at death, must faces vanish when we close their eyes, and hopes and memories perish with their breath?

If so, then come annihilation—come Eternal sleep when this great struggle ends; Let all our being perish cold and dumb; And God gives not back at last our friends.

We gladly entertain the hope that our own dear ones yet live, and if it is a delusion we cling to our wounded hearts; it is our only solace, our only comfort—we shall meet beyond the weeping and the sighing."

This was no ordinary bereavement, and the pastor said: "God does well for us when He refines us with the white heat of suffering. The one whose loss we now deplore was made perfect through suffering. We shall often think of her patience under bodily sufferings. Her family will. The same placid smile sits enthroned upon the brow.

Calmly as on Jesus' breast,
Loving John reclined to rest,
No her spirit passed away,
Entered into Heaven's brighter day,
Oh! what made filled her ears
As she passed to yonder sphere!

Those ears ever ready to listen to the wail of suffering ones here, had been for years sealed. Even the voices of her own dear ones she could not distinguish. What a great deprivation to one of her nature, as it is to all who are thus afflicted; yet how much worse it would have been had she been blind. How her heart would often bound with joy, as she would look into the eyes of her own, all beam-

ing with love for her. Sweet thought! Her ears ever heard the whispers of a loving Father as He breathed out: "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The closing hymn, one of her own choosing, was sung:

"There is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So fair that all that lies between,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find,
Within the Paradise of God."

As she had found that home over there, and was at rest. Sometimes as we look on these scenes, we say, oh! how cruel thus to sunder such ties; to rend such hearts! Then we fall back on the thought, "We would not live away here," surrounded by so many things to often make us miserable. We leave the sorrowing ones to bear away their dead, and we will not intrude on the sacredness of their grief, as they turn from the place of burial to their desolate home. We well know what such griefs are; for, again and again, we have drank from the cup of bereavements, till most of our own loved ones feel press the shining shore, whether we hope some day to stand—life's weary sandals thrown off, as, with joyful songs, we enter the abodes of the blest, and catch the strains of the glorified ones as they touch their golden lyres, till all heaven resounds with the anthems of the saved—the blest. Oh! then, "what will it be to be there?" We return to our homes, take upon the every-day duties of life, look on the images of our dead, our only solace now, and have their dead faces in our sleeping rooms, so that as morning light dawns on us, our waking thoughts may be of them as well as of our Father, who careth for them and us. Life hath its appropriate duties, and we must do them, whether in joy or grief; so we betake ourselves to the work of life, and do it as well as we can under our heavy sorrows, not looking for others to bear those sorrows for us. They cannot.

We sometimes meet those who can talk over their afflictions as calmly as others do their joys, and we say within ourselves, even if they do expatiate upon their bereavements, that we have no fear that they will at last die of broken hearts. There are griefs that we dare not touch or present to the life lookers-on. We leave them with One who caused us to be afflicted, realizing His compassion, His unbounded love to be adequate to our present sorrows, while He sweetly whispers: "As thy day so shall thy strength be."

Judge Shelby was much broken down by this sudden bereavement, yet he avoided saying much, as he did not dare to trust himself. Even Lilla was content to sit in his lap, nestled close to his heart and keep still. The pall of a great heart-grief rested on them all. Dear mourning ones, could you realize the joy of that redeemed one, you would brush away the falling tears as fast as they coursed their way down your furrowed cheeks. Not dead; only gone before to that clime where none are sick, none are deaf, none are blind, none are poor. Then comes the thought, a few more days or years, and we'll be there, beyond all care, perplexity and sorrow, freed from all the ills of life, all life's distracting thoughts at rest.

We change the scene, for while we remain here we must meet the actual things of life, whether we will, or not.

The Judge went to his office as formerly. Rev. Mr. Jerome took charge of his pulpit. Mrs. Jerome, amid her tears, smiled on her babe. Harvey returned to his studies, and Charlie went back to his books at school. Lilla cried and played alternately, often missing dear grandma, sometimes forgetting herself as she called out that dear familiar name; but no answer came to her childish heart, and she wept. John, ever faithful John, wore a broad band on his hat, reminding the passers-by that he had lost a friend; and so he had. June tried in every way to have the sitting-room appear as cheerful as she could, until the Judge came home. Yet, amid all, the vacant chair was a constant reminder that one was not there. No one sat in the place that Mrs. Shelby occupied at the table, although the plate was always there. Sanctified suffering made that home even yet cheerful. Mrs. Jerome often took pains to have her own little one around when father came in, so that his attention might be turned towards that little object of interest. Each member of that household seemed to take especial pains to help the Judge carry his sorrow. He, of all others, was the most lonely; for when night's shadows would darken the earth and the good nights were all spoken, none, none but that ever-watchful eye knew

his anguish, his loneliness. And, with all his strong will, his bodily vigor, powers of mind, he would weep, "till tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" would overtake him. Even his pillow would tell of the struggles within. Sometimes in dreams, he would feel the warm breath of love kissing away his tears. Then he would awake, only to realize that he had slept, and she had been near him in his dreams. The morning's light would dawn on him, but no dear wife to say words of cheer and of comfort. Then he felt the force, the power of the word—*Alone*.

The peculiar dignity of grief is, that it brings the sufferer into immediate contact with the supernatural world. No matter how hard, no matter how violated the imagination or the habits, when one we love, with our strong, human, instinctive love, is stricken down before our eyes, we see the Hand that deals the blow, and the occasion at once rises to the grandeur of a Divine visitation. To cherish sorrow becomes, on this account, honorable. It individualizes us, and raises us above the common, careless ones of earth. We seem to have direct communication with the mysterious Unknown, and we have a right to be thus distinguished. But this, being a passionate state, does not naturally endure. The present resumes its hold on us, and we feel that we are falling into line again, not willingly, but by an irresistible power—that of habit. So we leave our dear friends, earnestly hoping that time, the healer, will bear them safely through the deep waters to that harbor of rest; and once, within the gates of the City, they shall sing the pilgrim's song of "Home, sweet home."

A YOUNG LADY STRUCK DUMB.

A DREAM AND ITS FULFILLMENT—A CASE FOR THE SCIENTISTS.

The case of Miss Agnes Eagan, the operative in a Fall River mill, spoken of in the *Post* of Friday last, is one of singular interest, and has created considerable comment among those familiar with the facts. That her dream should be impressed upon her mind with so much force, and afterwards prove true, even to the slightest detail, is wonderful. The following are the facts as near as can be learned: Miss Eagan is a young lady nineteen years of age, who lives with her mother and two sisters at the corner of Seventh and Bedford streets, Fall River, and has been employed for some time past in the Granite mill in that city. She is of a very cheerful disposition, pleasant, cheerful and obliging; in fact, the light of her home, and a favorite with all who know her. Her manner is refined and ladylike; in feature and form she is comely and for one in her condition she is remarkably intelligent. But for the past six weeks she has appeared like one in a dream, sober, taciturn and melancholy, as if she had a foreboding of some coming misfortune. On Tuesday, the 6th inst., she appeared more cheerful than she had been for some time. She retired at the usual hour, but arising the next morning was very much depressed, and on being questioned as to the cause replied: "I had a fearful dream last night. I thought I went to the mill and was talking with one of the girls, and while talking with her I was suddenly unable to make any noise and did not speak again, but was able to hear anything that was said." Her friends laughed at her and said she was foolish to let such a thing worry her, and endeavored to draw her mind from the subject, but in vain. She continued to talk about the matter while in the house, and on arriving at the mill she told her associates about it, and they also endeavored to show her the folly of her fear, but to no purpose. About eleven o'clock one of her chums said to her: "Agnes, are you going to the party to-morrow night?" She replied, "No, I think not, I do—" and she was dumb. Her dream was a dream no longer, but a stern reality. Not a sound could she make. The shock was preceded by a sharp tingling sensation in the throat, extending through the entire system. She made known her condition by means of writing, and a physician was at once summoned, who pronounced the attack a nervous one, and stated that with care she would recover; that many persons have lost their voices in the same manner, and advised the use of the electric battery. But the young lady refused to subject herself to that mode of treatment, and stated that she was confident if they did she would also lose the sense of sight and hearing. Since the attack Miss Eagan has recovered her former cheerful disposition, and is apparently as happy and contented as before her misfortune. She has resumed her duties at the mill, and her friends hope that with care she will in time recover her speech. She passes among them as of old, but her voice is hushed, and the power to articulate seems to have gone from her entirely.—*Boston Post*.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—A firemen's library has been started in Toronto.

—Nasby speaks in Potsdam, N. Y., some time in January.

—The Carlist General Lizarraga died at Rome on the 10th inst.

—The President's silver wedding is to be celebrated in a few days.

—Ogdensburg's oldest citizen is Mr. William Harrison—aged 96 years.

—Hugh Davison, Walkerton, Can., fell dead in his shop, on the 8th inst.

—George W. Ransom, Justice of the Supreme Court, died on the 13th inst., at Lyons, N. Y.

—The Watertown, N. Y., spring wagon company will manufacture 3,000 wagons this year.

—Fanny Keenan, aged 11, was killed at Guelph, Can., by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

—A fire at the Milburn wagon company's works, near Toledo, O., on the 13th, caused a loss of \$40,000.

—A Constantinople despatch of the 13th stated that no overtures for peace had been made to foreign embassies.

—The liabilities of the Patterson Life Insurance Company are \$150,000, including \$200,000 capital; assets \$455,000.

—At Benwood, W. Va., two children of Robert Dennis, a coal miner, fell into a tub of boiling water and were fatally scalded.

—Brotherton, the condemned murderer at Auburn, is not allowed the use of a knife and fork, for fear of his committing suicide.

—A fire at Helena, Ark., on the 13th, destroyed the post-office, *Daily World* office and other property, to the amount of \$50,000.

—The Royal Hotel and block, comprising the business portion of Newcastle, Ont., were burned, on the 13th, causing a loss of \$40,000.

—The news of the fall of Plevna was received with great fortitude in Constantinople. The journals recommended resistance to the last.

—A partial destruction by fire of the York Manufacturing Company's dye-house, at Biddeford, Me., on the 13th inst., caused a loss of \$25,000.

—Patrick Crowley, aged 27, of Newport, Herkimer county, N. Y., for the murder of his brother-in-law, Mulverhill, was sentenced to Auburn for life.

—The indebtedness of the city of New York, Dec. 1st, was \$129,623,006.78—a decrease of \$1,083,150.24 as compared with the same day last year.

—The English Privy Council has dismissed the appeal of Hall's heirs for \$240,000 extra compensation claimed for land taken for the new City Park at Montreal.

—William Thompson, of Hartford, Conn., committed suicide, Dec. 3d, by stabbing himself in the abdomen. Two weeks previous his brother committed suicide in Providence.

—Twenty dollar notes on the Oneida National bank with the name of L. E. Chittenden Register of the Treasury are counterfeits. The genuine have the name of S. B. Colby.

—General Sheridan, before the House Military Affairs Committee, said there was no danger of war with Mexico unless through accidental collision of the American and Mexican forces.

—The jury in the case of the publishers of the *Sunday News*, at Wilkes-barre, Pa., charged with libel by the sheriff, brought in a verdict of guilty, after having been out twenty-four hours.

—A Little Rock, Ark., despatch of Dec. 3d, stated that the cold weather had injured the cotton crop to an alarming extent. Not half of it is fit to be picked, and all that remains in the field is injured.

—Dr. J. W. Savin, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., who was to have been installed on the evening of the 31 of Dec., as Eminent Commander of Springfield Commandery, Knights Templars, fell dead, of apoplexy, at the beginning of the meeting.

—On the morning of the 31 inst., while William Bogue, a night employe of the Connecticut Valley Railroad, was going to his home in Saybrook point, Conn., he was shot by a drunken, quarrelsome neighbor, without any provocation, and died within an hour.

—The body of the man who hanged himself in a deserted barn at New Durham, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 2d, was identified at the morgue as that of Mr. D. N. Baldwin, a merchant doing business at 66 Broadway, New York, and who resided at the Rockingham Hotel. He had been afflicted with Bright's disease, producing softening of the brain, and it is supposed that he was laboring under temporary insanity at the time of his suicide.

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Investigations of natural science have demonstrated beyond controversy, that throughout the animal kingdom the "survival of the fittest" is the only law that governs their life and perpetuates it. Does not the same principle govern the commercial prosperity of man? An inferior cannot supersede a superior article. By reason of superior merit, Dr. Pierce's Standard Remedies have outlived all others. Their sale in the United States alone exceeds one million dollars per annum, while the amount exported for use in every civilized land, exceeds one million more. No business could grow to such gigantic proportions and rest upon any other basis than that of merit.

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Is *Tonic*.

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By reason of its Alternative properties, cures Diseases of the blood and skin, such as Scrofula, or King's Evil, Tumors, Ulcers or Old Sores; Rheumatism, Pimples and Eruptions, by virtue of its Purifying properties, it cures Bronchitis, Throat and Lung Affections; Incurable Consumption; Laryngitis; Coughs; and Chronic Laryngitis. It is a Golden Medical Discovery, under its name, it is unequalled remedy for Biliousness; Torpid Liver, or "Liver Complaint," and its Tonic properties make it equally efficacious in curing Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Sleeplessness.

When the skin is sallow and covered with blotches and pimples, or when there are scrofulous swellings and eruptions, a few pills of this Golden Medical Discovery will effect an entire cure. If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallowness of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, indigestion, or constipation, internal heat or chill, alternated with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Toxic Blood*, or *Biliousness*. In many cases of *Liver Complaint*, only part of these symptoms is experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy.

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The "Giant Giant" Cathartic, or *Mellin's Food*, is a powerful medicine, which removes the necessity of taking the great, crude, drastic, and enervating pills, laxatives so much in vogue. As a remedy for Headache, Dizziness, Rush of Blood to the Head, Tightness about the Chest, Bad Taste in Mouth, Eruptions from the Skin, Bilious Attacks, Jaundice, Pain in the Kidneys, Highly Colored Urine, Pains in the Liver, and all the ailments of the Bowels, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are unequalled. Furthermore, I would say that their action is universal, not a gland cessing their share of the blood, and thus securing the perfect health of the system. They are sugar-coated and enclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, as they are always fresh and reliable. This is not the case with those pills which are put up in cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. The daily use of two Pellets has cured the most obstinate cases of Scrofula, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Blotches, Pimples, Sores, Eruptions and Eruptions. They are, however, recommended to be taken in connection with the Golden Medical Discovery, in order to secure the best results.

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